

WHAT IS IT TO DIE.

BY THE LATE REV. W. C. MCKINNON.
What is it to die?
It is the end of strife;
It is the waking up the dawn of life;
It is to reach the land, the journey o'er,
And view the traversed ocean from the shore.

THE BERMUDA BURIAL CASE.

EVIDENCE OF WITNESSES IN THE CASE OF JAMES VS. CASSIDY.

EXAMINATION OF MR. COOMBE CONTINUED.

By the Attorney General.
Did any one ever interrupt you in any service? NO SIR.
Have you any reason for believing the Odd-Fellows' or Masons' service a religious one? NO.
Is it a secular one? I don't know.
It is the same as soldiers firing a salute.
If they had attempted a religious service I would have prohibited it.
Do you know whether the Odd-Fellows' or Masons' service is a religious one or a secular one?
I don't know anything about them. I am a Mason; I may be an Odd-fellow.

have laid out on the old and new yard about £300 from the church and donations and £70 from Mr. Saltus for the wall and turf of new part.
Who keeps the keys of the churchyard? The sexton; so long as I was churchwarden I kept the duplicate.
Is there a Wesleyan Methodist cemetery not far from the church? Yes.
How far? About 1/2 of a mile.
By Mr. Middleton.
Is there a debt on the new part of the graveyard? That belongs to the Parish.
Have the Church Vestry nothing to do with it? No.
Have you knowledge that there is a debt? As a member of the Parish Vestry it has come to my knowledge that it is being discharged; certificates are being taken up.
Is the Parish paying it off now? I suppose if they have not yet paid it off they are.
By Attorney Genl.
How did that debt come? It was a common fund. Pew rents went to Parochial uses.
Were you resident here then? No.
Mr. Ward recalled.—By Mr. Middleton.
Is this debt being paid off now by the Parish? All but £100 is paid; that is being now paid by assessment on the Parish.
Rev. Mark James recalled.—By Attorney Genl.
Have you the deed of new part of churchyard? Yes. (Deed produced.)
The Court to Attorney Genl.
What is the first law that recognizes the Rector in a corporate capacity? I think the general tenor of legislation does that.
The Court.—Is there any act that shows that his successors or heirs are recognized; you know Rectors are subjects of election?
Attorney Genl.—I want to refer you to the Act of '66. See No. 10 of 1869.

—No Sir. I said Mrs. Swan said that a Law had been passed by which Mr. Cassidy could bury the members of his Church.
What did he say? Tell Mrs. Swan that I will not allow any Wesleyan Minister to bury in the Church Yard without my permission.
The remaining witnesses were merely to prove that the parishioners have had the right and have exercised it of opening building, changing, selecting, &c. their tombs without asking leave &c.
The only other important point was the production of the receipt for the payment of the money by the Parish for the new part of the grave-yard which states that the land conveyed and sold is for the parish in trust.
Mr. Cassidy then addressed the Jury at some length and with great effect. He said, Gentlemen of the Jury. There is no Established Church in these Islands. The Attorney General has tried to show that there is; but all he has shown is that there is a close relation between the Government of this Country and the Church of England. The Government has thrown around her its friendly arms and the Church has put her hand in the pocket of the State.
There can't be an Established Church without Ecclesiastical Law and an Ecclesiastical Court. But here we have neither. The plaintiff has his claim to the freehold of the churchyard upon the fact of an Establishment. He would have a right of freehold if he were in England, because such a right is obtained by canon or ecclesiastical Law.
What the Attorney General has shown is that Mr. James is simply a minister in a church "IN CONNECTION with the Established Church of England"—but that is an entirely different thing from being a minister in the CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT IN ENGLAND.
What the Attorney General has shown is quite natural in any English colony—that the names Rector, Incumbent, living, &c. should be imported here. But they can't mean the same here as in England until the Legislature defines them to mean the same. It is neither in law nor in usage to hold that Rector here means the same as in England. The thing is absurd and ridiculous.
There Ecclesiastical law gives him authority. Here there is none to give it to him. People here when they use the word "Rector" have a conception of the government that does not apply.
You noticed that the Attorney General went through statute after statute. He would show that "this one" implies one thing, and "here is another" from which we infer the same, and so on ad infinitum, until it seemed to rise to a legislative proof. (Applause.) Surely the learned Attorney General will not attempt to erect an Establishment Church on an inferential basis? (Applause.)
The Church and the State are in a close relation in Bermuda and that is recognized in the statutes. Land and money have been given here and the State demands some gratitude that return is made for this.
The Attorney General then rose to close the case for the Plaintiff but only made a few remarks stating that the Defendant had admitted all they claimed.
All he claimed was a different standing altogether from the Church of England from all others and this amounted to Establishment.
We are sorry we cannot give the charge of his Honor the Chief Justice. It was most peculiar in its way. We never heard one like it before and we hope never to hear it again.
The opening speech of the Attorney General, we have not—a circumstance we very much regret, as it was both able and interesting.
The jury retired at 1 to 10 o'clock and remained out till 12, when they returned and were dismissed not being able to agree on a verdict.

Once when was I sent up the river with a body of contrabands, not being well, I went home for a little rest. I was living in Lawrence. The town had few guns in the armory, and there was an understanding with the farmers of the surrounding country, that, upon the ringing of an alarm, they should come in and defend the town; but the coming of Quantrell and his men was a complete surprise. When the alarm was rung the arsenal was already captured and on fire. I was in bed, and heard about three o'clock in the morning, horses galloping rapidly by, and awoke my wife telling her that it was singular that horses should be galloping so fast so early in the morning; but she said she guessed it was some farmers who had been to a railroad meeting the evening before, and were hurrying back to their work. We lay and talked for some time. The children were going out that morning to get some grapes and my wife thought she would call and see the hand of Providence. It was not yet daylight, but the day was dawning. Having called the children, she went and looked out of the front door, and instantly called me; "Pa, the rebels are in town." I said that could not be; but, nevertheless, I sprang from the bed and ran to the door. There they were across the green, and just then they shot the United Brethren preacher, as he was milking his cow in his barnyard.
I rushed back into the house; my wife caught up her babe. I had four boys; one was on my wife's breast, another was by her side, and the two oldest were twelve or fourteen years old. We all rushed up the lot in which our house stood. Then I ran my wife, and with the two oldest boys ran up the hill; but something seemed to tell me that I was running away from safety. So I told the boys to run on and I would go back. It was then in the gray light of morning, and the rebels had divided into little squads, and were ransacking the town, killing every man they found, and burning houses. My boys separated, the oldest getting with a neighbor's boy, Robert Winton, and the while two were running for life, the soldiers saw them and fired a volley, killing poor Bobby, and frightening my boy almost to death. He ran and hid in the graveyard. My younger son ran off on the prairie.
In fixing my cellar I had thrown up a bank of earth near the entrance, and I crept down there and laid myself between the mound of earth and the wall in such a way that the earth would partially screen me. I lay close up to the kitchen floor. I had not been there long when four of Quantrell's men rode up to the house and demanded admittance. My wife went to the door and let them in. They demanded whether I was in the house or in the cellar. She replied: "My husband and the two older boys ran off as soon as the firing began." The leader swore that he knew I was in the cellar. My wife replied that she had two young children by her, and that she did not want any more oaths uttered before them. "You have doubted my word," she replied; "you can look for yourselves." I lay so near the floor that I could hear every word that was said. The men called for a candle. My wife replied that we didn't burn candles. Then they wanted a lantern; but she said we hadn't any. They asked then with an oath, what we did for a light. She replied that we burned kerosene in a lamp. Then they called for a lamp, and my wife had to get it, but the men in their eagerness to light it, turned the wick down in the oil.
Failing to light it themselves they called on my wife to light it. "Why you have ruined the lamp," said she, "it can't be lighted with the wick down in the oil." "Have it you another lamp?" said they. "Yes, there is one up stairs," said she, and they ordered her to go up and get it. "Gentlemen," she said, "I can't do it, your rudeness has so frightened me that I can scarcely hold my babe." One of the men then offered to hold it for her, and took it from her arms. My wife then went and got the lamp, which they lighted and started on their search. They all cocked their revolvers, and passed the word to kill at sight, and started for the cellar. I laid myself just as flat as could be, and turned my face toward the wall, for I knew my face was thinnest from ear to ear. The light came to the door, I tell you brethren I just quit living. You have heard it said that when a man is drowning all his past life comes up before him. I stood then before the judgment seat. I was a dead man. My heart ceased to beat. I already stood before my judge. Brethren, what could I do but just trust myself to the Lord. The man who carried the light was tall, and provisionally stooped so low in entering the cellar that the light shined against the bank of earth which I shadowed over me. They searched the cellar but did not find me, and went back up stairs.
My wife afterward told me that when the men went down in the cellar, she took her babe and went into the parlor, and stood there holding her hand against one ear and her babe against the other, expecting every minute to hear the report of the revolvers in the cellar, announcing the death of her husband. The soldiers set fire to the

house in several places, and leaving one of their number to prevent my wife from putting it out, departed. The man seemed to be touched with pity, and told her that if she wanted to save some furniture he would help her. My wife thinks that holding the babe in his arms had touched his heart. She pleaded with him that if he had any consideration for her or her helpless children, to leave the house and let her put out the fire. He consented and left, and she succeeded in extinguishing the flames. She then came to me and asked me whether it was all right between me and God. "I am afraid," she said, "they will come back and kill you yet, and it will be the greatest comfort to know that you felt prepared to die. Telling me to pray, she left me.
It was not long before another party of Quantrell's men came, and in drunken tones—for the marauders had become intoxicated by this time—demanded whether I was in the house. "Do you suppose," said my wife confidently, "that he would stay here, and you shooting and burning all over the town? No; he left this morning as soon as the firing commenced, and unless some of you have shot him and killed him outside, he is safe. Some of your men were here this morning and searched the house. However, you may look for yourselves." In this way she bluffed them. They set fire to the house, and left one, who drew a revolver on my wife and said he would kill her if she tried to put it out. He stayed till the house was so far consumed that there was no possibility of saving it. My wife pulled up a carpet, and in taking it to the yard, dropped it accidentally by the door. My wife was afraid, and so was I, that I would be burned alive. The floor was on fire almost over me, and the flames were creeping nearer. My wife stood and threw water, pail after pail on the floor, and was doing this when a neighbor woman came and said: "Why, Mrs. Fisher, what are you doing? What good will it be to save that floor? Besides, you can't save it." "I don't care what good it will do," replied my wife, "I'm going to keep on wetting that floor." "But finally, when she saw she could not save it, she asked the neighbor whether she could keep a secret. "Well, then," said my wife, "my husband is under that floor."
The soldiers were still everywhere shooting and burning; and the air was filled with the shrieks of wounded and dying men, the wailings of widows and orphans, and the sound of falling buildings. My wife then called me to come out, and I threw a dress over my shoulder. The two women picked up the carpet, and I crawled under it between them, and so we three proceeded to a small bush, about four feet high out in the yard. There my wife saw four soldiers ready to fire. They were not a hundred yards off. Then for the first time, the poor woman despaired. A pang then shot to her heart, and she gave up all for lost. Nevertheless I slunk under the bush and they threw the carpet over me, "save the chairs!" cried my wife; and they rushed to where the chairs were piled, close to the burning building, and ran with them and flung them carelessly upon me, and piled up all that was saved of our household goods about me. The soldiers evidently thought the pile only a lot of household furniture, and left it unmolested. I staid there till two hours after they left, and then gathered my wife and my four children—for the two boys had come back—and in the garden we knelt and thanked God for the deliverance. Brethren, you don't know what it is to be thankful.

AM EXCHANGE.
DR. PUNSHON AND METHODISM.—Mr. Punshon has done more, perhaps, than any other divine of his own Connexion to popularize Methodism in this country. It is a remarkable thing that a sect founded by one whose history forms one of the brightest pages in the religious annals of our land should, for so many years, have laid under an almost overpowering reproach. Down even to the present day, it is the fashion amongst some—a dwindling section, happily—to apply the word "Methodist" as a derisive epithet to all exact and rigid Christians. It may be that in time past they were their religion too outwardly; that they were deficient in piety and manner, and made their services dolorous and depressing instead of joyous and exhilarating. It may be that sometimes they made their piety rather too intrusive in its connection with the affairs of the world, and in that way themselves provoked the sneer and ridicule of scoffers and unbelievers. But whatever there may have been or may be, in all this, there is no doubt that the accession of recent years of men like Mr. Punshon to the ranks of the ministry has infused into Methodism a robustness of spirit and aspect which has most properly rescued it from the opprobrium under which it at one time laboured. There is nothing uncalculated or unbecoming about Mr. Punshon as he delivers his message to the people. If anything, he errs a trifle on the other side, by occasionally falling too much into the Bozarian style of oratory.—From Cassell's "National Portrait Gallery" for November.

A SABBATH MORNING
My thoughts O God ascend to Thee
The fountain of all purity.
On wings of faith I soar to gaze
To meet Thee, Saviour from above.
This is the day which Thou hast set
With holy calm and peace, full rest
O may my soul this best day find
In sweet communion with Thee.
May no vain thoughts their train
To mar the grace from heaven's rain.
But let thy baptism from above
Fill all my soul with holy love.
And may this day of holy peace
Suggest to me that full release
Which death will give my next
When soul and body are at rest.
That Sabbath of celestial light
Undimmed by any fit or night
Where sweetest smiles of praise
To God my everlasting King.

BEREAN NOTES.
Dec. 12. LESSON AND JOHN.
JESUS AND THOMAS.
HOME READINGS.
MONDAY John 20: 24-31.
TUESDAY Luke 24: 13-35.
WEDNESDAY Acts 8: 26-39.
THURSDAY Heb 11: 1-19.
FRIDAY Heb 3: 12-19.
SATURDAY 1 John 5: 1-11.
SUNDAY Rom 1: 10-13.

TOPIC: The Risen Christ as Doubting Disciple.
GOLDEN TEXT: Believe in your God, so shall ye be established. Chron. 20: 20.

GENERAL STATEMENT.
The interview between Jesus and Thomas on Sunday, March 27, 29. On the day Jesus arose he went to his friends several times. In doing he met his disciples. Thomas absent. This led directly to the v. 24, 25 of today's lesson. He missed the case to stand in this another week, when he again came and gave Thomas the interview in v. 36-31. We here see, as stated in the text, "The whole drift of the text is well expressed by the text: 'Believe in the Lord your God, and ye shall be established.' The text presents three classes of persons THOSE NOT HAVING SEEN—PART 2. THOSE HAVING SEEN—BELIEVING. THOSE NOT HAVING SEEN—BELIEVING. From the beatitude announced in verse 28, teachers may well desire the faith of a faith which grasps words irrespective of sight or sense. 2 Cor. 5: 6.

- 1. About keeping the first day week?
2. About coming early to meeting
3. About avoiding foolish words

- 1. THOMAS, and the disciples; 2. Jesus;—1. Unbelief; 2. Conviction; 3. Faith; 4. Revelation; 1. The demand; 2. The genuine conviction; The new beatitude; 4. The great opportunity;—1. The doubt of Thomas; The manifestation to Thomas; The confession of Thomas; 4. The opportunity for faith;—1. Doubt; 2. Conviction; Confession.

THOMAS, verse 24. See John 14: 5; and Matt. chap. 10. His upon the first Sunday, when Jesus the other disciples, warrants the id he had gloomily dropped the matter considered it substantially at an end. WE HAVE SEEN THE LORD, yet, then the vision was unbelieved. Thomas it seemed an impossible. Not that he doubted their intended fullness, but he considered them as having reached a conviction based upon insufficient evidence. EXAMINE, SET, etc. He requires more reliable evidence, perhaps with of consciousness as to his own intellectual superiority.

How Christ himself views state of mind is evident from 16: 14. But, however, spring the timidity of resistance in such a Not certainly from reluctance. Live, but as in Nathanael, J. 46; from mere dread of mistake vital a matter.—David Brown. I WILL NOT BELIEVE. Not men will believe if I, too, see, but, my special tests can be applied. I believe. Not more passivity will be impressed, but real activity and evidence of special force that it is subdued. The conquest of such a Christ was a wonderful trophy of grace. AFTER EIGHT DAYS, ver. 29. The fish manner of designating a week, bringing this appearance to the Sunday of his resurrection life. Within the place of meeting, the shut, etc. John 20: 19. STROOP. 18 M.D.B.T. A phrase indicating the shyness of his appearance there. He a knock and enter in an ordinary way the first observed fact was he "sto